

Written for this Paper.

THE GOSHUTE INDIANS.

DEEP CREEK, November 10, 1893.—When Utah was settled, there were found in the west and in the desert country in the low mountains, the Goshute Indians—an inferior race of Indians at that. Their chief food was the rabbit. Once in a while they killed a deer or an antelope. They had nothing but an inferior bow and arrow to kill with. Pine nuts they gathered in the fall, but they often fail. As a last resort they would gather and cook prickly pears. Their clothing consisted of a cloak made of rabbit skins, woven together with sinews of the deer. These were worn by male and female alike. Their wick-i-ups were made with willows if they could be had, if not, cedar boughs were used. Very little mechanism was displayed. There are now less than one hundred of the tribe all told left of the many thousand that existed when this country was first settled.

Many people have an idea that these Indians attain to a great age. This is erroneous. There are but a few left that we knew thirty-five years ago, and many that were boys then look as old as I do. And they are old—no house for the winter, nothing laid up to eat, and but few clothes to wear, privation would naturally make them short-lived. They do not take to civilization. But few can talk English so they can be understood. The young men of them will not do as well as the older ones have done. On the whole they are indolent, worthless set, and may well be classed as a back number. They have no traditions of their ancestors, like other tribes have. They are an inferior race to look at, most of them small, and cowardly to a despicable degree. In times past they have killed emigrants and Over and men, but always taking no chances themselves.

The first emigrant trains for California passed to the south of the Salt Lake through their country. From these the pesky red skins stole horses, mules and cattle, which they ate at first, but afterwards they kept the horses to ride. They now all have horses.

Sixty miles south from Deep Creek stands Pilot's Peak, just at the west side of the desert. Here are yet signs of a partly demolished emigrant train. From what we can learn there was a large train of emigrants crossed the desert at this place many years ago. Some of them perished on the desert, with some of their stock. When the rest arrived at the Salt spring, while tired and in a famished condition, the Indians attacked them, and killed many. The survivors moved on under cover of night to the mountains, where they found a small spring and made their last stand. From those who have been on the ground recently, I learned that they had built up a rock wall and made a fight. But the canyon was so narrow and the rock so near that the Indians hid behind it and they could reach the emigrants without any harm to themselves. All but two boys were killed. These made their way to California.

Some other emigrants came along afterwards and buried those killed. One of those that got away came back a few years ago, to hunt for thirty thousand dollars that he knew his father to have had, which he believed he had buried. But he could find nothing of it. The Indians may have got it.

You cannot get a word out of the Indians about the fight. All they will say is that those that were in the fight are all dead, or that it was Goose Creek Indians that did the killing.

The settlers also suffered from these thieves. They would make raids on the herds of the whites, and much stock was lost. The whites sometimes followed them only to see that their stock was gone. There seemed to be no Indian fighters in that part of the country. One time a company of young men followed them. The Indians must have seen them coming, and got into the cedars. The company followed them, and when well in, the Indians opened fire. The surprise had the effect, and a stampede ensued—every fellow for himself. "Joe" Rich was on a lazy old mule that would not run. He kicked and spurred with all his might, while the arrows flew thick and fast. When the boys got beyond the cedars they missed "Joe." Howard Spencer went back and helped him up. I think I can now see "Saxe," kicking for dear life! When "Joe" caught up with the rest, still panting, he said: "Boys, just think of it! my father is perhaps even now praying for the success of these Lamanites." The time was just before breakfast, and the chances were that his father was at prayers.

Much trouble did these Indians give to the Overland mail and express company. In the year 1863 the station situated in Deep Creek canyon, half way between Willow Springs and Deep Creek, was burned, and seven men were killed—five of Connor's soldiers and two hostlers. The station, of necessity, had to be built close to the hill. The hay was stacked close to the stable; the house was also built near the stable. The Indians shot arrows with fire fagots. That set everything afire; and as the men came out they were shot. One soldier got on a horse and attempted to escape, but he, too, was shot through the body, but lived to get to George Boyd's station at Willow Springs, where he told the story and then died. Boyd with some men went up and found everything burned and the Indians gone. The Indians took but little with them. One hostler by the name of William Riley, who was deaf, was only wounded at first; he fought them hard, but was overpowered at last. The Indians tied him and thrust him on the wood-pile and burned him alive. One of the Indians cut his heart out, and roasted and ate it, so as to make him brave. Water had to be hauled for this station. The water hauler and one soldier had gone for water to Deep Creek, and saved their lives. George Boyd buried what was left of Riley and the rest. The soldiers were afterwards taken to Camp Douglas for interment the two hostlers are buried, with one water hauler that had been killed previously, on a mound near the road side. Only one grave shows now—no mark on the grave to tell who the three brave men were, who lost their lives by the cowardly Indians; the Overland is gone as well as they, and there are but few left to tell the tale. There are but few of the redskins left either, and none that will own up to being in the massacre. They will tell you that the dead Indians did the deed.

They give as excuse that the soldiers killed a lot of their family and friends at Porter Rockwell's ranch on Government Creek, in Skull Valley previously, which they did. I

was living at Rush Valley station when Capt. Smith with his company came to Rockwell's ranch and camped. From some cause or another they surrounded and killed the men, women and children of a little encampment of friendly Indians that were camped in the cedars near by. The soldiers only spared one—that was Peanum's young squaw. Capt. Smith took her to his own tent, where I saw her when I went over to see what was going on. She told me that he made her sleep with him and she begged me most piteously to take her away. I talked with Smith and he told me that he was holding her in order that she should tell where the rest of the Indians were. I told her what he said. She replied that she knew of no other Indians, only her husband and some of his brothers, who had gone hunting, and she did not know where they were then. I never will forget the poor woman as I left, crying as though her heart would break. It afterwards transpired that Smith kept her as long as he wanted her, and then sent Spanish Joe off with her. She was afterwards found with a bullet through her head. I visited the dead Indians' camp and found the Indians unburied. I recognized the father and brother of Peanum. It was a ghastly sight. They were all swollen to twice their natural size—one mother hugging her little papoose to her breast as tight as though she would shield it from the destroyer. There are more savages than the Indians!

Near the burned station is a high cliff of rocks on the side of the road where the canyon is narrow. Near the top is a hole where an Indian secreted himself, and when the stage came along once, he shot the driver. Major Egan was on the stage at the time; but was not molested. The driver handed the lines to Mr. Egan, saying: "Here, Egan, take the lines and drive, while I lay down in the boot and die," which he did before they got to Willow Springs. This killing was caused "all the same white man too much fooling with another man's wife."

If these Indians continue to decrease in the future as they have in the past, we will have to import foreigners to gather the pine nuts, or go without. I do not think that these Indians have any Four Hundred among them. Neither have they a society column in the local newspaper. When a child is about to be born the rest pick up their duds and leave the squaw alone. When the babe is born, the squaw follows the rest. There is no ado about it; there are no neighbors to run in with exclamations, "O, how it looks like its papa!" No kissing the baby; no father to "set 'em up," no hunting for a name. If the babe could talk it would say, "what a cold reception this is!" It is strapped on a board and there it goes, and there it grows.

These Indians have a terrible fear of other tribes. They seldom go away from their own narrow possessions. In the winter they will follow up the sheep herds, and will pull the wool off the dead sheep that are left. This wool they sell for flour. They seldom go to Salt Lake shopping, but when they do, the whole family goes. They have but little use for women's rights people. The squaw is willing to do the work, and the buck is willing she should.

"Good Injuns" they all will be soon.

H. J. FAUST.